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RED  
MASK

# RED MASK

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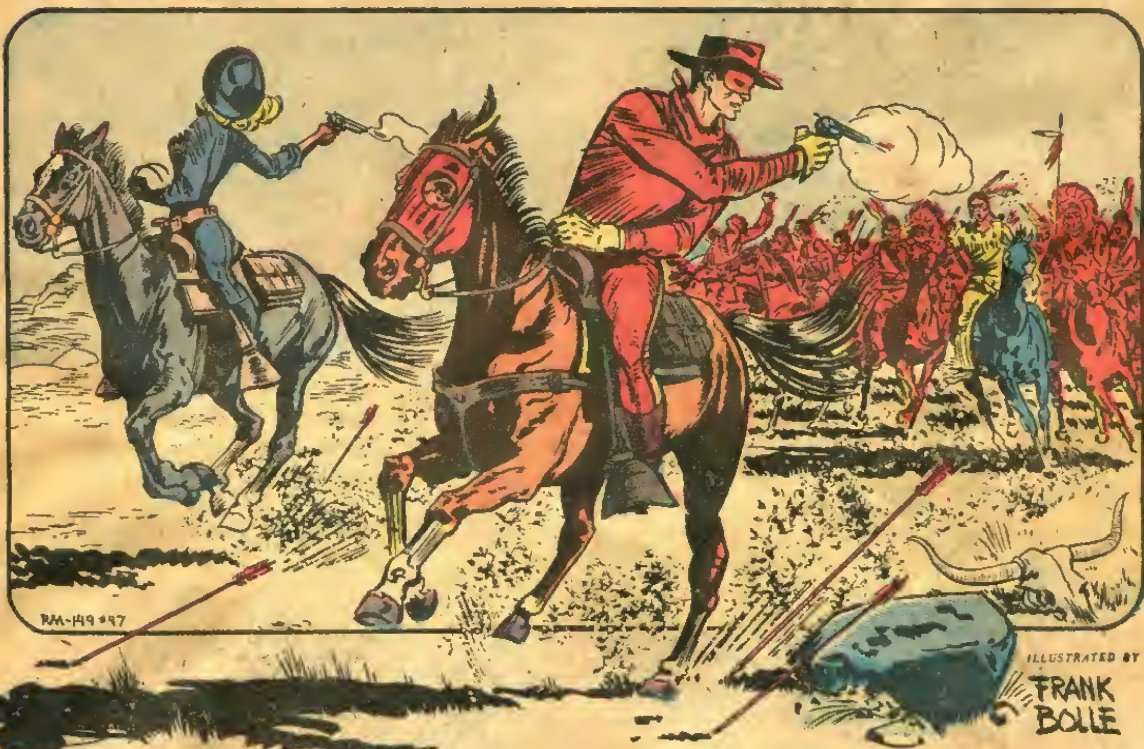
☐ I am enclosing \$1.00 Send Treasure Chest Bank



# RED MASK

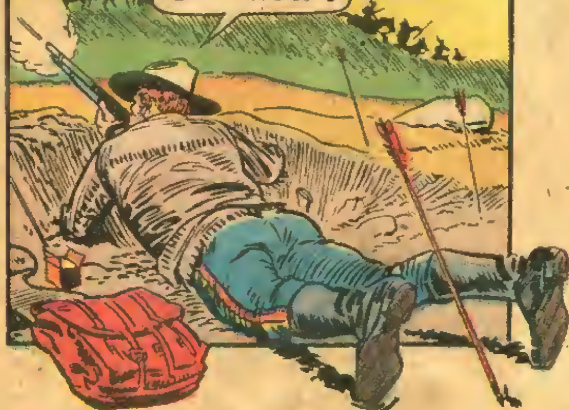
**S**MOKE SIGNALS OF-DISTRESS! A MAN IS RISKING HIS LIFE AGAINST THE FANATICAL ATTACK OF SIOUX WARRIORS—AND HE NEEDS HELP! FIVE THOUSAND SIOUX ARE ON THE WARPATh AGAINST HIM, AND NO WHITE MAN IS NEARER THAN FORTY MILES! **REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM** GALLOP INTO THIS INDIAN TRAP, TO OFFER THEIR VERY LIVES AS —

**"BAIT FOR DEATH!"**



A MAN FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, HOPING AGAINST HOPE FOR A CHANCE TO SURVIVE!

GOT TO GET MY MESSAGE THROUGH!  
BUT—HOW?



I'LL SIGNAL WITH SMOKE. I JUST HOPE SOMEBODY SEES IT!





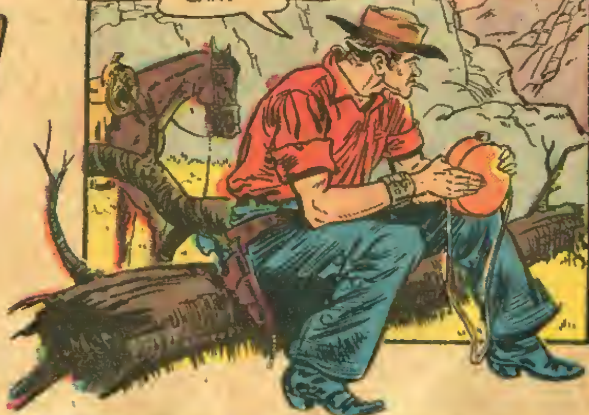
FIVE PEOPLE SEE THE THIN BLACK PLUME — THE FIRST IS OLD ABNER JONES, A PROSPECTOR...

DOGGONE, BUNCO!  
WE GOT TO HELP THAT  
HOMBRE.



LUKE PAWLEY, A LINE-RIDER FOR THE BAR K-12, IS THE NEXT TO SEE IT...

SOME ARMY GENT IN  
TROUBLE. WELL, GUESS I  
HAVE TO GO DO WHAT I  
CAN!



JOHNNY ROGERS, A TWO-GUN KILLER, IS FLEEING FROM A BANK HOLDUP...

WON'T BE ANY LAWMAN OUT IN  
THE INDIAN BADLANDS! SO— DIG  
DIRT, BRONC!



HARD ON THE TRAIL OF JOHNNY ROGERS, COMES REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM! THEY TOO, SEE THE SMOKE...

ROGERS CAME THIS  
WAY, ALL RIGHT!

FORGET ROGERS!  
LOOK YONDER AT THAT  
SMOKE SIGNAL!



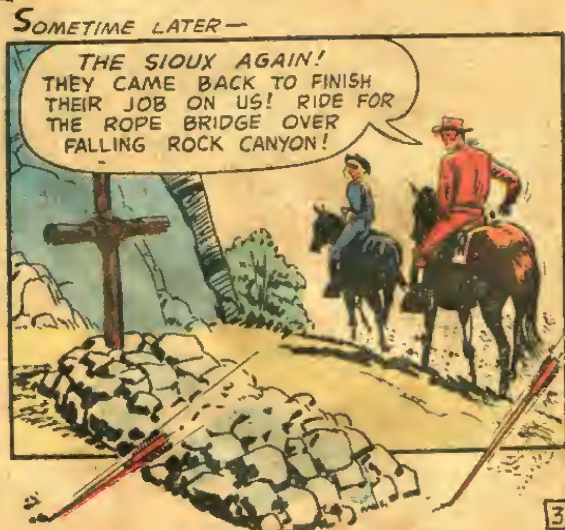
AHEAD OF THESE FIVE RIDERS...



THE SIOUX WARCRY LIFTS. A RIFLE  
CRACKS. A BOWSTRING TWANGS!

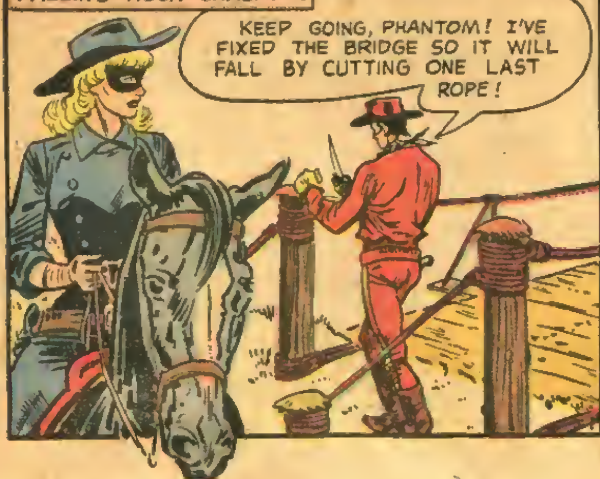








AN HOUR LATER, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FALLING ROCK CHASM...



KEEP GOING, PHANTOM! I'VE FIXED THE BRIDGE SO IT WILL FALL BY CUTTING ONE LAST ROPE!

THE ROPE BRIDGE GOES DOWN, AND THE SIOUX WITH IT!



Yiii!

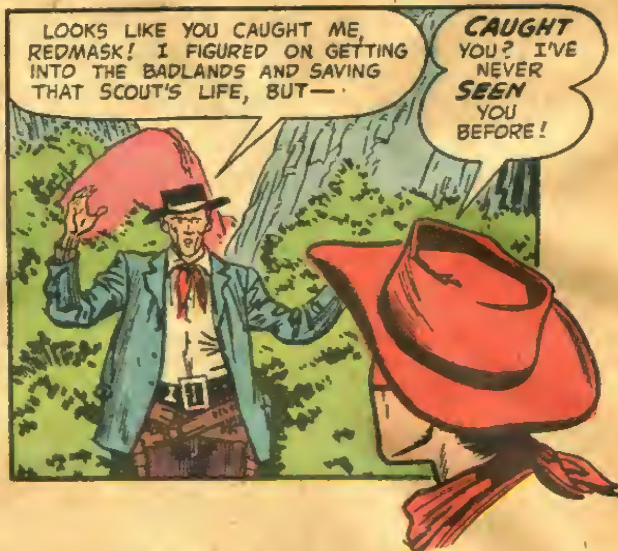
Aieeee!

SOME MILES FARTHER ON...



COME OUT OF THOSE SHRUBS OR I SHOOT!

YE



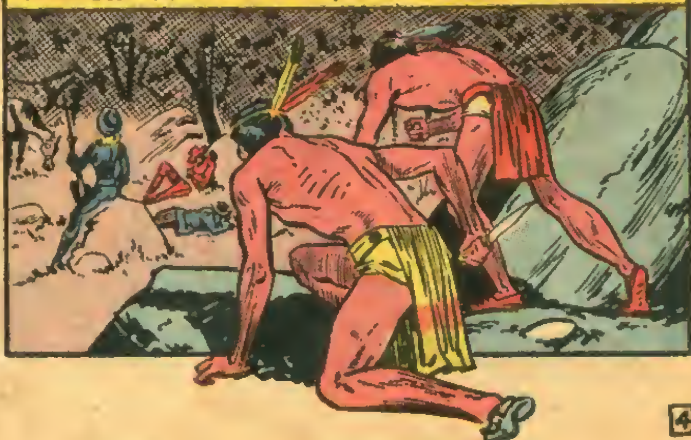
LOOKS LIKE YOU CAUGHT ME, REDMASK! I FIGURED ON GETTING INTO THE BADLANDS AND SAVING THAT SCOUT'S LIFE, BUT—

CAUGHT YOU? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE!



HE'S TALKING ABOUT THOSE SADDLEBAGS, REDMASK! HE'S THE HOMBRE WHO ROBBED THE SILVER CITY BANK, THE MAN WE WERE CHASING UNTIL WE SAW THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS!

DISARMED, JOHNNY ROGERS RIDES WITH HIS CAPTORS. THEY HAVE NO TIME TO TAKE HIM TO JAIL. A MAN LIES ALONE AMONG A THOUSAND SIOUX. THEY ARE HIS ONLY CHANCE... BUT THAT NIGHT, AT CAMP...







IT IS REDMASK—WHO HAS LAIN IN A LIGHT DOZE—WHO WAKES TO THE SUDDEN DANGER...



THEY SHOT  
THE GUN FROM  
MY HAND!



BY THAT TIME THE BLACK PHANTOM IS ON HER KNEES. HER OWN COLT IS SPITTING LEAD...



DRIVEN OFF, THE SIOUX DIS-  
APPEAR INTO THE NIGHT...

MY PISTOL  
BROKEN!  
USELESS!

GIVE ME  
BACK MY GUNS.  
I'LL STICK WITH  
YOU UNTIL AFTER  
THAT ARMY SCOUT  
IS SAFE!



DESPERATE MEN MUST TAKE  
DESPERATE CHANCES. THE TWO-  
GUN KILLER IS GIVEN HIS GUNS.  
ONCE AGAIN THEY RIDE ON INTO  
THE BADLANDS...

UP AHEAD—  
WHAT IS  
IT?



LOOKS AS IF HE  
WAS TRYING TO  
SAVE THAT ARMY  
SCOUT TOO. BUT  
THE SIOUX GOT  
HIM!

HIS NAME'S  
LUKE PAWLEY.  
HE'S A COW-  
PUNCHER. I  
GUESS—IT'S  
OUR TURN  
NEXT...!





FIVE PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE SIGNALS. TWO ARE DEAD. THE LIVING THREE RIDE ON, AND DEATH COMES TO VISIT THEM AGAIN...



STRANGELY, THE SIOUX REIN IN, AS IF SATISFIED WITH ONE VICTIM. REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM RACE ON...

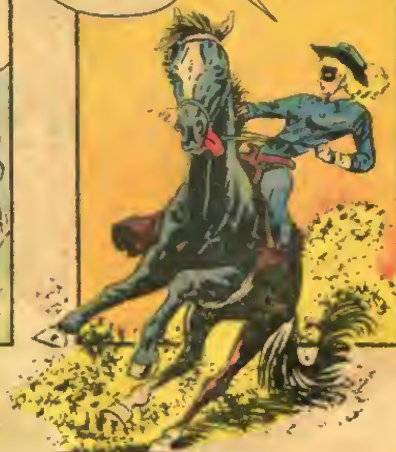
THEY GOT JOHNNY ROGERS! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!

THEY'RE LETTING US GO IN, BUT THEY WON'T LET US COME OUT!

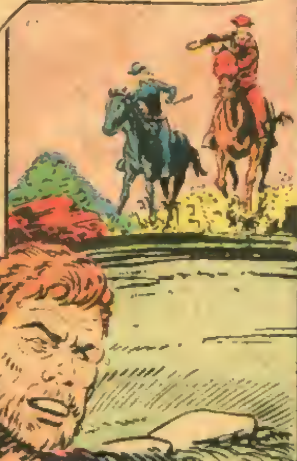


SUDDENLY, WITH A CRY OF HORROR, THE BLACK PHANTOM PULLS BACK HER HORSE —

OH H H!  
LOOK!



SUN HOT... GOING MAD... CAN'T MOVE... CAN'T MOVE...



HE'S STILL ALIVE! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WITH A LITTLE FOOD AND REST!

IF WE SAVE HIS LIFE, THE SIOUX WILL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO KILL HIM!



ALL THAT NIGHT THE BLACK PHANTOM NURSES THE SCOUT AS REDMASK STANDS GUARD...

MESSAGE... TO THE ARMY! GOT TO GET IT THROUGH!

DON'T TALK NOW. DRINK THIS WATER!



A DAWN...

THERE MUST BE A THOUSAND OF THEM! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS TRAP!





A GRIZZLED CHIEF SWINGS HIS WAR LANCE OVERHEAD—



AND THE SIOUX WHEEL AND TROT OFF LEAVING THE REDMASK, THE BLACK PHANTOM, AND THE ARMY SCOUT, UNHARMED!



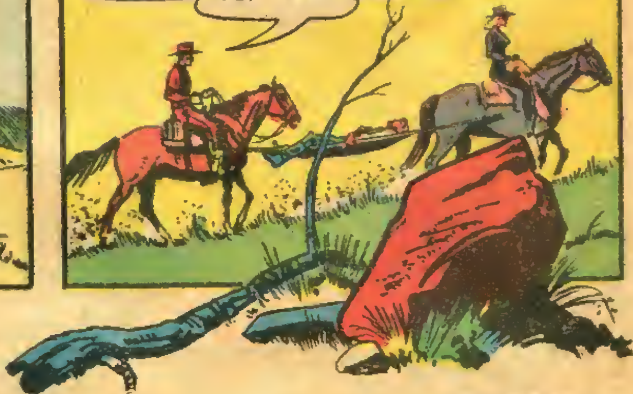
I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

THEY COULD HAVE KILLED US ALL! WHY DIDN'T THEY? **WHY?**



FORMING A STRETCHER FROM A SADDLE BLANKET AND TWO MESQUITE POLES, REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM BRING THE ARMY SCOUT INTO BULLET...

STOP AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE. I'LL SEND THE MESSAGE FOR HIM!



I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM TO GENERAL CUSTER, WARNING HIM THAT THE SIOUX—

**TOO LATE, REDMASK! HERE, READ THIS!**



GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS SEVENTH CAVALRY WERE WIPE OUT BY THE SIOUX UNDER SITTING BULL!

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE SIOUX RODE OFF AND LET US GO! THEY WANTED TO JOIN SITTING BULL IN TIME FOR THE MASSACRE... WELL, WE DID OUR BEST...



THE END



# BLACK PHANTOM

WHEN A MAN LIVES BY HIS TRIGGER-FINGERS, BY THE QUICK DRAW AND GUN BATTLE, HIS LIFE IS EMPTY WHEN HIS COLTS HANG IDLE IN THEIR HOLSTERS. FLASH LOOMIS IS SUCH A MAN.

WHEN HE COMES DOWN INTO BULLET LOOKING FOR A RANGE WAR, HE FINDS **THE BLACK PHANTOM** WAITING FOR HIM—AND THE LATTER SOON DISCOVERS WHAT TROUBLE A MAN CAN BRING WHEN HE SUFFERS FROM —

## "THE GUN FEVER"

NOBODY'S EVER BEATEN MY DRAW, BLACK PHANTOM!

STOP TALKING AND CLEAR LEATHER! YOU'VE NEVER COME UP AGAINST ME BEFORE!

BP-6 • 2

WHEN THE RANGE WAR IN GHOST COUNTY ENDS, FLASH LOOMIS IS LIKE A MAN WITHOUT A FRIEND...

WHAT'LL I DO?  
WHERE CAN I GO?

TINY COWTOWN HOTELS AND SUNBAKED SHACKS ON THE OUTPOSTS OF NOWHERE TAKE HIS MONEY...

TWO BOTTLES OF REDEYE: I GOT ME A LONG RIDE AHEAD!



THE REST OF THE CASH HIS  
COLT PEACEMAKERS EARNED  
GOES ON POKER TABLES AND  
FARO WHEELS...

THE WHEEL IS  
SPINNING! MAKE  
YOUR BETS...

CAN'T BET  
WHAT I  
HAVEN'T GOT!  
I'M CLEAN!



ALL I GOT LEFT ARE  
MY .45'S! AND NOBODY  
TO USE 'EM ON! I GOT  
TO FIND A RANGE WAR  
PLENTY PRONTO, IF I WANT  
TO GO ON EATING!



ALMOST IN DESPAIR, WITH  
HIS BELT PULLED TO ITS  
NOTCH, HE RIDES AT LAST INTO  
BULLET COUNTRY...

HOWDY, FRIEND.  
LOOKS AS IF YOU  
ADMIRE THAT  
LAND YOU SEE!

SURE DO,  
STRANGER.  
IF I OWNED  
THAT, I'D—  
BUT WHAT'S  
THE USE OF  
WISHING?



GIRL DEPUTY BY THE NAME OF THE BLACK  
PHANTOM, AND A GENT BY THE NAME OF  
REDMASK, KEEPS US RANCHERS  
IN LINE. REDMASK'S DOWN  
IN MEXICO ON A CASE, BUT  
THE BLACK PHANTOM'S  
STILL AROUND!

MEBBE I  
CAN HELP  
YOU OUT!



SOME HOURS LATER, IN ONE OF BULLET'S  
SALOONS...

I'M THE TOUGHEST MAN  
IN TEN STATES!



THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, STRANGER.  
BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME  
UNTIL YOU SOBER UP!

WELL, IF IT  
ISN'T THE  
BLACK  
PHANTOM!



ARE YOU AS FAST  
ON THE DRAW AS THEY  
SAY?

LOOKS LIKE I  
STEPPED INTO A  
TRAP! YOU'RE AS  
SOBER AS A  
JUDGE!





FLASH LOOMIS IS A FAST MAN  
WITH A SIXGUN—



—BUT THE BLACK PHANTOM IS  
CHAIN LIGHTNING...



YOU SHOT THE GUN  
RIGHT OUT OF MY  
FINGERS—EVEN BEFORE  
I HAD IT CLEAR OF  
THE HOLSTER!



ALL THAT NIGHT, FLASH LOOMIS BROODS IN  
THE LITTLE JAILHOUSE. NEXT MORNING—

I'VE CHECKED YOUR RECORD,  
FLASH. YOU'RE A GUNFIGHTER,  
BUT YOU AREN'T A CRIMINAL.  
THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO  
OFFER YOU A JOB!

I CAN'T  
DO  
ANYTHING  
BUT  
SHOOT  
A GUN!



AFTER BREAKFAST—

YOU CAN LEARN! IT WON'T  
BE EASY WORK, BUT NOTHING  
WORTHWHILE IS EVER EASY!



THERE IT IS! LAND!  
LAND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR  
OWN WITH HARD WORK!  
WELL, DO YOU WANT TO  
TACKLE IT?

WHY NOT?  
WHAT'VE  
I GOT  
TO LOSE?





AND SO FLASH LOOMIS, GUNFIGHTER, BECOMES ED LOOMIS, RANCHER. HE BUILDS A TINY CABIN AND A LEAN-TO FOR HIS PONY. HIS DAYS ARE SPENT IN ROUNDING UP MAVERICKS, WHILE HIS NIGHTS ARE FILLED WITH THE CLAMMER OF HAMMER ON ANVIL—

SOMETIMES THE BLACK PHANTOM RIDES FROM TOWN TO GIVE HIM A HAND WITH THE NEW FENCEPOSTS...

YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB, ED! THE WHOLE TOWN IS COMMENTING ON IT!

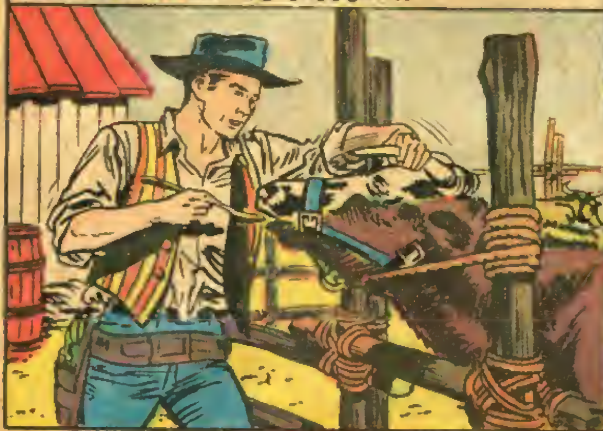
FUNNY THING IS, I ACTUALLY LIKE THIS SORT OF WORK!



BRANDING IS A LONG, HOT, DRY TASK THAT MAKES THE SWEAT COME OUT ON A MAN...



BUILDING A LONG WOODEN CHUTE, HE HERDS HIS CATTLE THROUGH, AND SPOON-FEEDS THEM SODIUM PHOSPHATE AGAINST THE DROUGHT...



GRADUALLY HIS GUN FEVER FADES BEFORE THIS NEW AND STRONGER FEVER, LAND FEVER...

SURE MAKES A MAN FEEL GOOD TO KNOW HE DID ALL THIS WITH HIS OWN BARE HANDS!

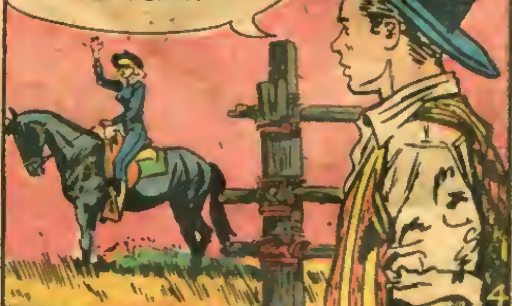
YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB. I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU, NOW...



...THE OWNER OF THIS LAND IS A RICH BOY BACK EAST. HE'S GOING TO BE A BANKER, AND WANTS TO SELL HIS LAND. I TOLD HIM I'D FIND HIM A BUYER WHO'D KEEP UP THE PLACE. YOU'RE THE BUYER, ED. YOU CAN PAY OFF THE RANCH FROM THE PROFITS!

FOR THE FIRST TIME HE CAN REMEMBER, THERE ARE TEARS IN ED LOOMIS' EYES AS HE WATCHES THE BLACK PHANTOM RIDE OFF...

I-I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM MYSELF. I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN AGAIN!





IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, ED LOOMIS FIGHTS OFF TIMBER WOLVES—

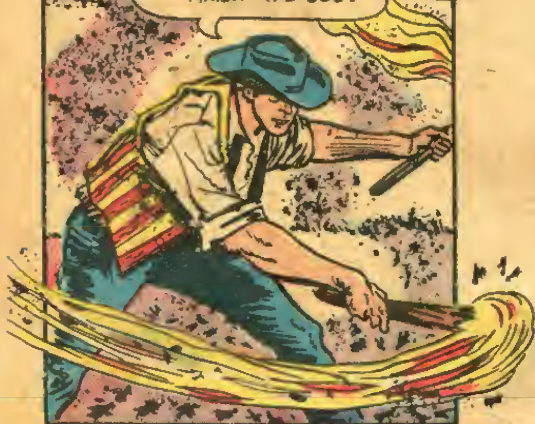


HE DIGS AN IRRIGATION DITCH FOR A FUTURE ALFALFA CROP—



SINGLEHANDEDLY, HE FIGHTS A SWARM OF LOCUSTS—

I'VE DOUSED THEM WITH KEROSENE. NOW THIS TORCH WILL FINISH THE JOB!



BY SPRING ROUNDUP TIME, THE RANCH IS SOLIDLY ON ITS FEET. THEN MARSHAL BENSON COMES TO CALL...

YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE OFF THIS RANCH, LOOMIS. I'VE BOUGHT IT! AND THE BLACK PHANTOM DOESN'T SCARE ME! I WENT ABOUT IT NICE AND LEGAL. UNLESS YOU WANT TO START A RANGE WAR—GET OFF MY LAND!



DUMB WITH DESPAIR, ED LOOMIS SADDLES UP AND RIDES INTO BULLET. HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM THE LAND FOR WHICH HE FOUGHT SO BITTERLY AND SO LONG...

I'M BROKE! BACK WHERE I STARTED! NOTHING LEFT! BUT—BY THUNDER! I WON'T TAKE IT! I'M GOING AFTER BENSON! I WANTED A RANGE WAR AND NOW I'VE GOT IT!



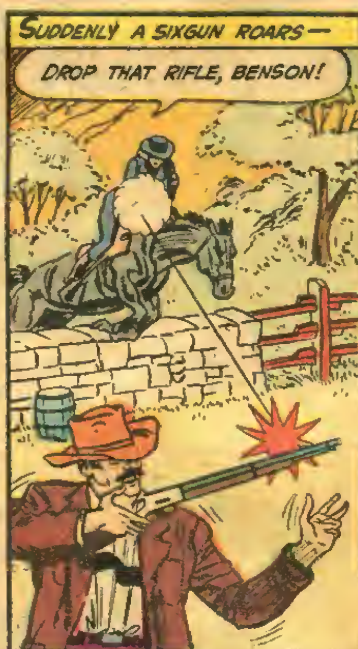
AN HOUR LATER—

HE WENT OUT OF HERE WITH HIS GUNS ON!

HE'S GONE AFTER BENSON! BENSON WILL SHOOT HIM DOWN! I'VE GOT TO SEND THAT TELEGRAM—THEN TRY TO STOP BENSON FROM MURDERING HIM!









THAT NIGHT, IN BULLET—

WHAT'S THE TELEGRAM SAY? DID BENSON REALLY BUY THE RANCH FROM ITS EASTERN OWNER?

I'M AFRAID HE DID, ED!



THAT FINISHES ME, THEN. I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR A RANGE WAR. I FOUND IT—AND LOST IT!



SOME MORNINGS LATER, AT THE COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE...

I WANT TO RECORD THIS DEED!

SORRY, BENSON. YOU ARE TOO LATE!



ED LOOMIS JUST RECORDED HIS DEED TO THAT RANCH PROPERTY!

WHAT? HE CAN'T DO THAT! I'VE GOT A DEED SIGNED BY THE OWNER! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON HIM!



SPEAKING OF THE LAW, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER OF ED LOOMIS AND MYSELF! ... YOU SEE, THE OWNER OF THAT RANCH IS STILL A BOY! HE'S UNDER AGE—A MINOR!



CONTRACTS WITH MINORS ARE NO GOOD, BENSON, IF THE MINOR CHANGES HIS OR HER MIND ABOUT IT! LOOMIS WROTE EAST AND GOT A DEED SIGNED BY BOTH THE MINOR AND HIS GUARDIAN. YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK BY THE NEXT MAIL!



ED LOOMIS IS THE LEGAL OWNER OF THE RANCH HE WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD! HE'S A MAN WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE IN BULLET! THINK THAT OVER WHILE YOU'RE IN JAIL, BENSON!



THE END

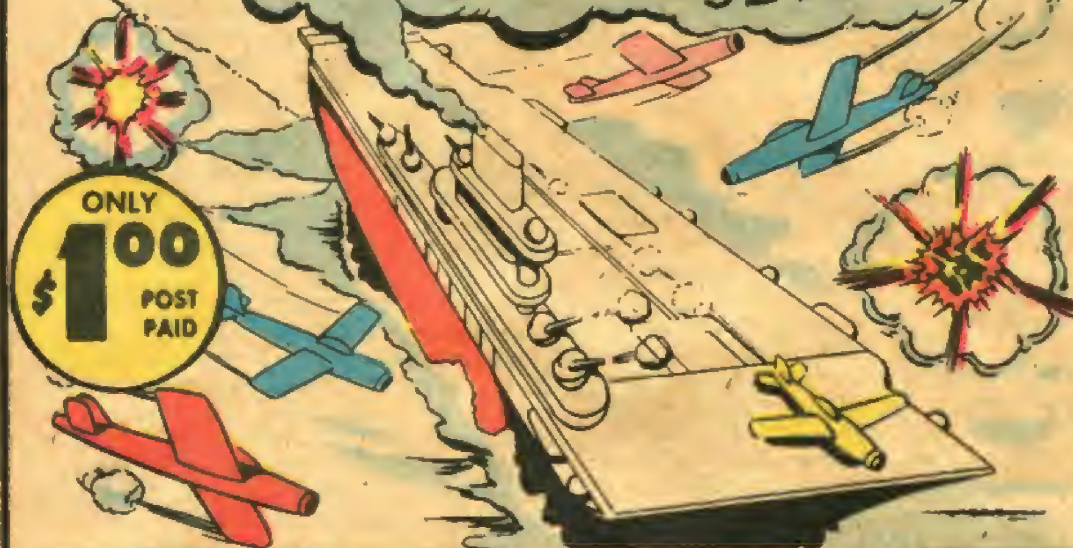


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**COMPIX, Dept. RM-47**  
**10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.**

NO C.O.D.'s

Gentlemen:

HERE IS MY DOLLAR! Rush aircraft carrier and jet planes plus small fleet. If not completely satisfied, I can return merchandise for full refund. Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# REDMASK'S CAVE.

Dear Readers:

We do not have any pictures of Redmask or the Black Phantom right now. However, we do have artists working on pen-and-ink sketches that may become available. If this becomes a fact, *we will let you know*. Meanwhile, to save you ink and paper, we advise you not to write in asking for pictures. However, DO keep writing in your questions!

To: David Chananie, Hartford, Conn.

Keep watching REDMASK COMICS for a story featuring Redmask's Cave! The story will deal with the Cave itself, how it came to be born, what part Redmask played in finding it and some pictures showing its interior.

Redmask carries the same type gun used by Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp and most other frontier marshals, gunfighters, lawmen and badmen: a Colt Peacemaker, .45 calibre.

To: Billy, no address.

Roy Rogers may have a saddle that contains diamonds, jewels, platinum gold and silver—but if he does, he keeps it hidden away very carefully!

Frank James outlived Jesse James by many years.

The best rider, roper and bronc-buster today is determined by the winner of the point events of the Rodeo Association. These rodeo contestants enter events and score points in them. At the end of the year the point winner becomes Champion Bronc-buster, Champion Bull-dogger, or Champion Cowboy of the World.

Your question about "shooting the barrel out of a gun without aiming" puzzles me. Assuming that you mean a second man shoots at the man whose gun is knocked from his hand, this second man might shoot from the hip, or "without aiming" as you put it. In the days of the old west, real gunmen like Hickok and Texas' Wes Hardin, never "aimed" their guns, in the sense of looking over sights at their target. They fired from the hip in an instinctive aiming. They had no time to take aim. A man was shooting back at them, remember! They might be dead before they could "aim" at the man shooting at them. So they developed an instinctive aim that was muscular balance, timing and co-ordination rolled into one. These gunfighters became so proficient at this type of shooting (they practiced it every day, for they knew their lives depended on their speed and accuracy) that they did it without thinking.

And lest you scoff at this—today, only a year or two ago—two men who (as a hobby)

spent hours drawing and shooting a sixgun, developed speeds that were timed by stop-watches. One man (David Sharpe) was timed at drawing and shooting a revolver *twice in less than one second!* Another man, a G-man named Delf Bryce, has been timed at the draw in  $2/5$  of a second! At 21 feet, firing at a silhouette of a man, from his hip, Bryce hit his man *dead center with six shots!* All inside the space of a silver dollar! He was not "aiming"—he was shooting *from the hip!* I have photographs to prove this.

So remember—when you hear about some of Wild Bill Hickok's speed and deadly shooting, remember this: men in our own time have practiced the speedy draw and fire. There was no NEED for them to do so. They did not expect to depend on this speed and accuracy for their lives. How much more carefully would a man like Hickok practice, when he might have to do this to save his life next day! Think of it: two gundraws and two firings in less than one second! Six shots in a man's chest where his heart is, all so close together they can be covered by a silver dollar! That is shooting! Wild Bill, Wes Hardin and Billy the Kid also did some similar shooting in their own time. That is why they are so famous, even today!

To: Arthur and Ann Beyerstedt, Westfield, N. J.; Andrew L. Gould, no address; Wolfgang Fredersdorff, Calvin, West Va.; Dave Cross, Imperial, Nebraska; Butch Florence, no address.

At one time the Navajos were fierce warriors like the Apaches, but with the coming of the white man, the Navajo learned quickly how to adapt himself to "the white man's path." Today, there are about sixty thousand Navajos. (It was Kit Carson who, in 1863, attacked them, and brought them in to the reservation.) The sand paintings of the Navajos are very beautiful.

Indians got their names from their deeds, or from their medicine fast, or because of some event tied in with their lives.

Some of the great Indians of the various tribes were Joseph Brant, Hiawatha, Deganneda (Mohawks); Chief Joseph (Nez Perce); Half King (Seneca); Cochise and

CONTINUED ON A LATER PAGE



# RED MASK



RM-150 \* 97

**RED**MASK WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET A TEXAS RANGER IN THE TOWN OF ROTTEN GULCH—BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT JUST THE WAY IT WAS FIGURED!... SO, IN THE LONG RUN, THE TRAPPING OF BAD BILL WILSON DEPENDED ON

ILLUSTRATED BY

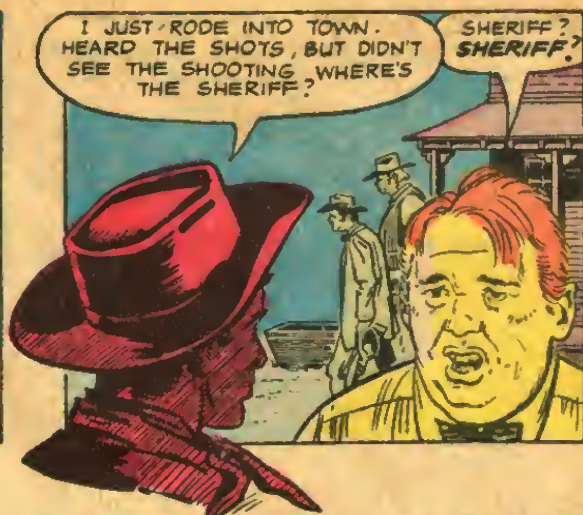
**FRANK BOLLE**

## "THE WEAPONS OF REDMASK"

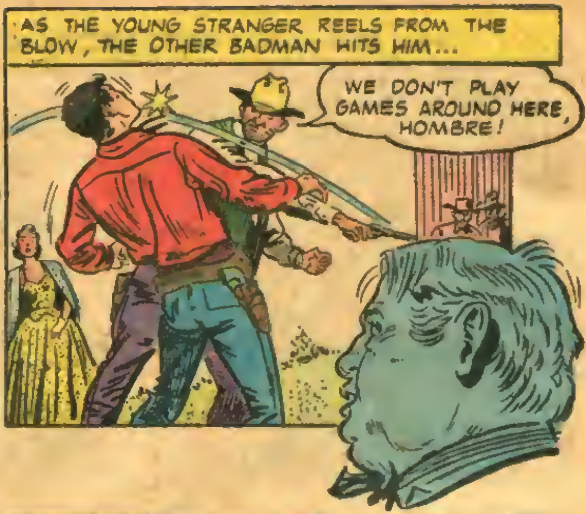
IN A TOUGH WESTERN TOWN ON THE NORTHERN REACHES OF THE RIO GRANDE...



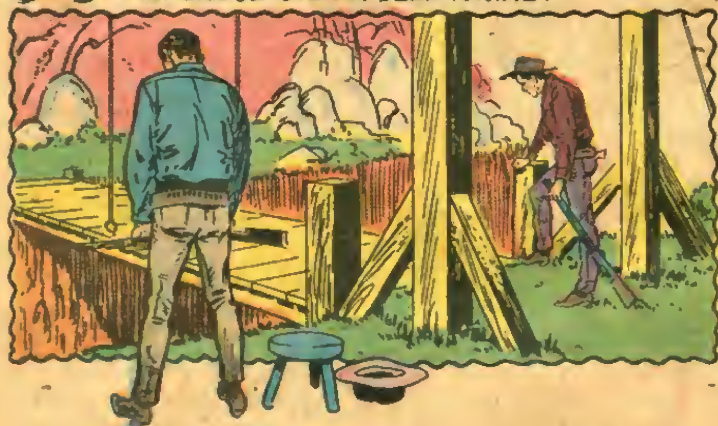
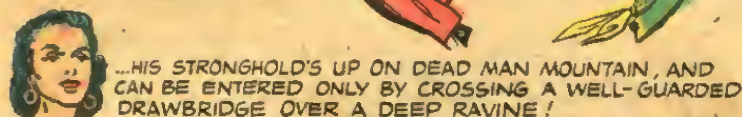
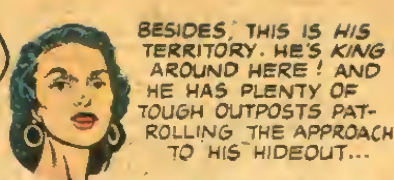








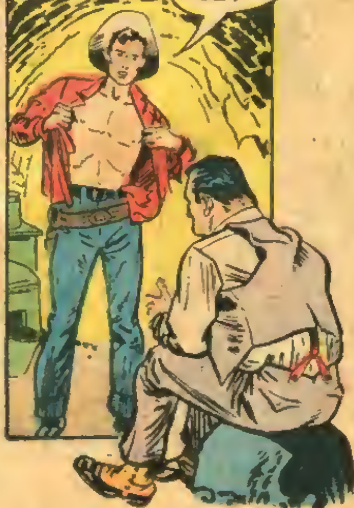




AFTER A HARD TWO-HOURS  
RIDE, THE STRANGER REACHES  
THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO A  
HIDDEN CAVE...



I GOT A WIRE FROM THE  
TEXAS RANGERS, ASKING ME  
TO MEET RANGER BRYAN  
AND ACT AS HIS GUIDE...  
BUT I WAS TOO LATE,  
ZUT...



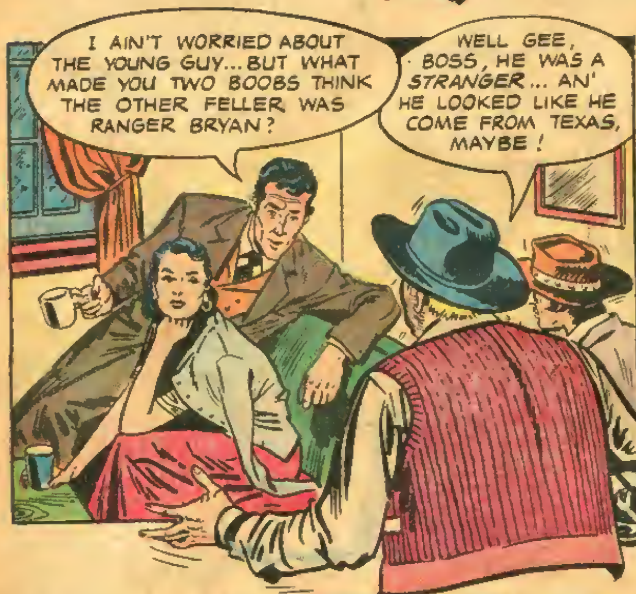
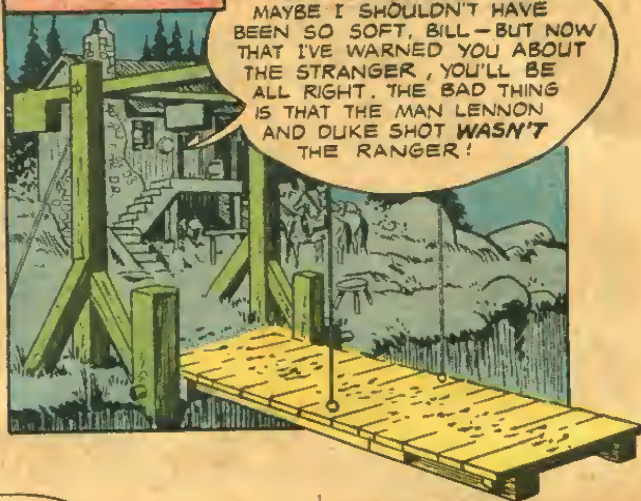
SO I'LL HAVE TO  
BRING IN BAD  
BILL WILSON  
MYSELF!







THAT NIGHT, IN BAD BILL'S STRONGHOLD ON DEAD MAN MOUNTAIN...



MEANWHILE, REDMASK RIDES THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, QUIETLY ELIMINATING OUTPOST AFTER OUTPOST...!



BUT FINALLY HE COMES TO A NARROW CLIFF ROAD WHERE A SURPRISE ATTACK SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE...





THEN, FROM HIS "WAR-BAG,"  
REDMASK TAKES A STRANGE  
WEAPON ...



THE CROSSBOW TWANGS ...  
AND THE BARBED BOLT BURIES  
ITSELF IN A TREE OVERHANGING  
THE GORGE ...



AND THEN—REDMASK SWINGS  
SWIFTLY OVER THE ABYSS...!



GOOD EVENING, GENTLE-  
MEN—AND **GOOD  
NIGHT!**



A LITTLE LATER...

SO BAD BILL'S SORE AT  
US—DOES THAT MEAN  
WE GOTTA STAND GUARD  
ON THIS BRIDGE AN'—  
**HEY! DUKE! WHAT  
HAPPENED...?**



THE AUSTRALIAN  
WEAPON WORKED FINE—  
NOW TO USE THE ARGEN-  
TINIAN **BOLAS** BEFORE  
THE BIG BULL LETS OUT  
A BELLOW...!



**ARRGHHLLL...!**







THE END.



**Mangus Colorado (Apache); Quanah Parker (Comanche).** Yes, Hiawatha was a real person, immortalized by Longfellow's poem. He lived about the year 1450 A.D., before the coming of the white men.

**To: Sue A. Fish and Geraldine Virgil, Indian Lake, N. Y.**

Rose of the Cimarron was born in Texas, and moved to Oklahoma with her parents, where she met a young outlaw named George Newcomb, whose nickname was Bitter Creek. Falling in love with him, she rode on his outlaw forays. She also rode with the Dalton gang and with Bill Doolin. She was very attractive and intelligent. She was sent to a government reform school in Massachusetts when she was captured; she later took another name, married, had children, and led a very respectable life.

It is impossible to answer all your questions in the space I have. It would not be fair to our other readers. I am sure you will understand, and send in more questions (one or two at a time) so that we can answer them in a later issue.

**To: Maurice Caplan, no address; Fred Smith, Okeechobee, Fla.; Alice Lunn, Moosomin, Saskatchewan, Canada; Tommy Marmore, Trafalgar, Ind.; Benny Mora, Reedley, Calif.; Betty Jo Danley, Oak Grove, La. Douglas M. Erne, Atwater, Minn.**

Though Jesse James was married, no women outlaws rode with him. Bob Ford killed Jesse James by shooting him in the back. Cowboys carry revolvers today in case they meet up with rattlesnakes or bobcats. The days of the old style gunfighting exist only in the movies, in books and comics and in TV.

Buffalo Bill Cody is the most famous Pony Express rider.

"Doc" Holliday was a doctor. He was a licensed dentist. Billy the Kid killed 21 men during his lifetime which lasted 21 years: one dead man per year!

Frank James died in 1915.

The best way to tell your local theatre that you want to see Tim Holt movies is to write to them, requesting they show them, and get as many of your friends to write as you can. If the theatre gets enough of them, they will show those movies!

Two other girl outlaws, besides Rose of the Cimarron, were Cattle Kat and Little Britches.

**To: Theda L. Browne, Province Town, Mass.; Carlie Bruce Thornsberry, Wheelwright, Ky.; Jack Norrell, Gainesville, Ga.; Dottie Jean Godfrey, Naples, Fla.; Thetna Lampert, Shawneetown, Ill.; Rita Munro, St. John, N.B., Canada; Lena Horze, Line Long, Sask.**

Your own TV station is the only one that can tell you why a series of stories are not shown the following winter. Why not write and ask them? Ken Maynard and Kerment Maynard are not the same person.

Johnny Mack Brown, Lash Larue and Rocky Lane still appear in movies. Rin Tin Tin died more than twenty years ago. However, there is a new dog by the same name who will appear on TV.

Tim Holt is 38 years old. William Boyd is 59. Johnny Mack Brown is 50.

Dale Evans is very much alive. Jesse James was a real person. Kit West is fictitious. The Lone Ranger is also a fictitious character. Wild Bill Elliott is a real man.

Inasmuch as all you good readers are interested in movie cowboys, and keep writing the Cave for pictures, we again must remind you that we cannot send out photographs. However, the moving picture studios for which these cowboy stars work often will supply pictures. So why not write to them? Address your letter to the star in care of his studio, Hollywood, California.

Regards to all!  
**REDMASK**

Send your questions to:  
**REDMASK'S CAVE**  
c/o Redmask Magazine—47  
11 Park Place  
New York 7, N. Y.

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Of RED MASK, published monthly at Saint Louis, Missouri for October 1, 1954**

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

**Publisher, MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.**

**Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.**

**Managing Editor, None.**

**Business Manager, SARAH R. HENDERSON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.**

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the name and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)  
**MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. VINCENT SULLIVAN, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.**

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases

where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September 1954.

**MURRAY COHEN,**  
Notary Public, State of New York  
No. 245745400  
Qualified in Kings County  
Term Expires March 20, 1956



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# the GHOST RIDER



THE VERY NAME OF **EL MORTE** STRUCK TERROR INTO THE PEOPLES' HEARTS! A SINGLE GLIMPSE OF THE TYRANT'S DREAD RIFLE WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE THEM CRINGE HOPELESSLY WHILE HIS MEN LOOTED AND PILLAGED! AND NOW **THE GHOST RIDER** WAS STRIDING FORWARD BAREHANDED, A PERFECT TARGET FOR

THE  
**RIFLE**  
THAT  
**NEVER**  
**MISSSED**  
!

IT IS EASY TO TELL WHEN **EL MORTE** WANTS GOLD! FOR IT IS ALWAYS THEN THAT HE SENDS HIS MEN RAIDING —



FAST, DOG — HAND OVER ALL YOUR GOLD!

SI, SENOR... SI!

THEY ALL KNOW BETTER THAN TO RESIST. AFTER ALL, TO STARVE IS BETTER THAN TO HAVE **EL MORTE** HIMSELF PAY A VISIT... WITH HIS RIFLE!

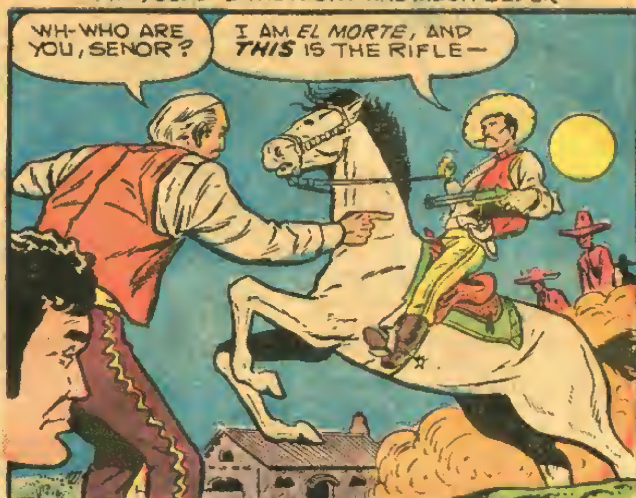




IT HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN SO! WHEN EL MORTE FIRST CAME TO THIS MEXICAN TERRITORY JUST SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE, THE PEOPLE HAD SPIRIT! AND THE FIRST TIME THE RAIDERS CAME —



AND, BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS MUCH OLDER —



THIS WAS THE FIRST OF EL MORTE'S DEADLY EXHIBITIONS! THE PEOPLE WERE ENMESHED BY TERROR — THEY HAD NEVER DREAMED SUCH SHOOTING WAS POSSIBLE! IT WAS AS IF DEMONS GUIDED THE BULLETS ON THEIR WHIZZING PATH FROM THE RIFLE TO THOSE WHO DARED RESIST...!

SO, FINALLY, RATHER THAN OFFER THEMSELVES AS TARGETS, THE PEOPLE KNUCKLED UNDER! AND NOW ALL EL MORTE HAS TO DO IS SEND HIS MEN OUT TO COLLECT THE GOLD THAT FLOWS IN AT THE MERE MENTION OF HIS DREAD RIFLE...

BUT NOW YOUNG PEDRO LOPEZ HAS RETURNED TO THE TERRITORY AFTER A LONG VISIT TO MEXICO CITY! AND HE IS A FIREBRAND WHO WILL SUBMIT TO NO TYRANT'S YOKE —

MY BEAUTY...! THE PEOPLE ARE SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS! THEY THINK DEMONS GUIDE YOUR BULLETS BECAUSE THEIR WEAPONS ARE CRUPE ANTIQUES! THEY CANNOT CONCEIVE OF GUN SIGHTS AS PERFECTLY ALIGNED AS YOURS!





THE NEXT  
TIME IS  
SOON—

FASTER! FASTER! EL MORTE NEEDS GOLD!



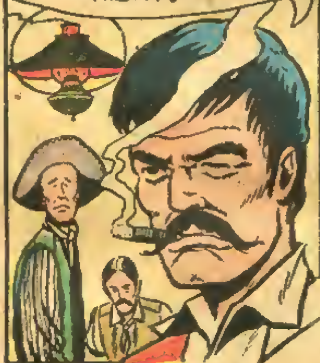
AND PEDRO IS THERE!

CRAWL BACK TO YOUR MASTER!  
TELL HIM HIS TYRANNY IS AT AN  
END— FOR PEDRO LOPEZ WILL  
LEAD THE PEOPLE AGAINST HIM!



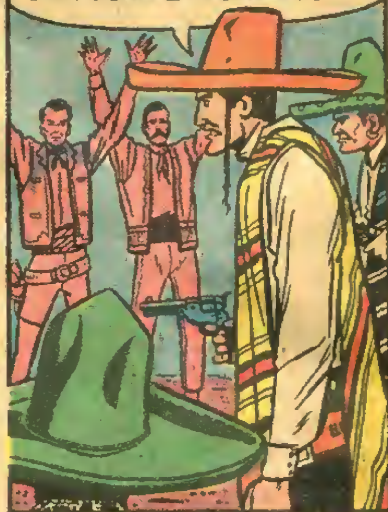
LATER—

YOU CALL YOURSELVES  
MEN, AND YOU FLED AT THE  
SWISH OF A SINGLE WHIP!  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN WHEN WORD OF  
THIS SPREADS THROUGH  
THE LAND? THE PEOPLE  
WILL TAKE HEART, THEY  
WILL FOLLOW PEDRO  
LOPEZ BLINDLY! UNLESS,  
OF COURSE, WE MOVE  
AGAINST HIM THIS VERY  
NIGHT!



SPURRED BY THEIR MASTER'S  
TAUNTS, EL MORTE'S MEN RIDE  
OUT AGAIN! AND BEFORE AN  
HOUR HAS PASSED—

STAND FAST, ALL OF YOU—IT'S  
ONLY **LOPEZ** WE WANT!



GRIPPED IN THE OLD VISE OF FEAR,  
THE PEOPLE WATCH MOTIONLESSLY  
AS YOUNG PEDRO SUCSUMBS TO  
OVERWHELMING ODDS—

BIND HIS HANDS WELL, THEN UP  
ON THE HORSE WITH HIM! HIS  
FINE SPEECHES WILL TURN TO  
WHIMPERS ONCE WE REACH  
THE HACIENDA, AND HE'S FACE-  
TO-FACE WITH **EL MORTE**!



YOU ARE A FOOL, PEDRO!  
EL MORTE COULD HAVE  
USED A MAN WITH YOUR  
COURAGE! YOU COULD  
HAVE BEEN RICH!

THERE IS A NARROW  
SPACE BETWEEN THE  
LEAD HORSES! IF I  
SPUR MY MOUNT  
HARD—



**STOP! STOP!** AFTER HIM! HE'S  
HEADED FOR THE  
RIO GRANDE! HE  
MUST NOT CROSS  
THE BORDER ALIVE!





PEDRO'S FLEET MOUNT GAINS THE RIVER'S EDGE WELL AHEAD OF HIS PURSUERS! HOWEVER—



BUT BEFORE EL MORTE'S MEN CAN CLOSE IN—



WE WILL FIGHT MEN FOR EL MORTE... BUT A GHOST... THAT IS TOO MUCH!



THE CRAVENS FLEE! LUCKY I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOME RUSTLERS AND FOUND THE SECRET UNDERWATER BRIDGE THEY HAD CONSTRUCTED TO SMUGGLE CATTLE THEY HAD STOLEN ACROSS THE BORDER! NOW TO SEE IF THIS MAN IS BADLY HURT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER—

THAT IS THE WHOLE STORY, GHOST RIDER! MY PEOPLE ARE TERRORIZED! I AM ONLY ONE MAN... AND I REALIZE NOW THAT ONE MAN IS NOT ENOUGH AGAINST EL MORTE— AND HIS MAGIC RIFLE!



YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE, PEDRO—I WILL FIGHT AT YOUR SIDE! YOU HAVE MY SOLEMN OATH... THOUGH MY HEAD MAY DROOP WITH WEARINESS, I SHALL NEVER REST TILL YOUR LAND IS RID OF TYRANNY!



THAT SAME NIGHT, A GRIM FIGURE STEALTHILY APPROACHES THE HACIENDA OF EL MORTE....

IT IS HIS RIFLE THAT THE PEOPLE FEAR! TO HAUL HIM IN WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH— THE DREAD WEAPON MIGHT FALL INTO ANOTHER VILLAIN'S HANDS... I MUST DESTROY THE LEGEND OF THE RIFLE!





THE NEXT MORNING EL MORTE'S  
FACE IS PALE AS HE BEGINS  
READING ....



BUT BY THE TIME HE IS FINISHED,  
HE IS SMILING CRUELLY!



AGAINST MY RIFLE ... THAT  
NEVER MISSES!



SO CERTAIN IS EL MORTE OF VICTORY THAT  
HE HAS HIS MEN SPREAD WORD OF THE COMING  
DUEL! THE PEOPLE SHUDDER WHEN THEY  
HEAR THE TERMS THE GHOST RIDER HAS IM-  
POSED UPON HIMSELF ....

IT IS ALMOST MIDNIGHT NOW ... ALMOST TIME  
FOR THE DUEL! AND EVERYBODY HAS COME TO  
SEE THE GRIM SPECTACLE!



EL MORTE HAS TAKEN HIS  
POSITION. THE DREAD RIFLE  
IS IN HIS HANDS ....

AND SUDDENLY OUT OF THE NIGHT, LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED  
YARDS AWAY, THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS ... WITH **EMPTY**  
**HOLSTERS!**





GRINNING EVILLY, EL MORTE RAISES THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER...

HE HAS THE GHOST RIDER IN HIS SIGHTS NOW !!!

HIS FINGER TAKES UP THE SLACK ON THE TRIGGER — BEGINS SQUEEZING...



NO! NO! I HAVE FIRED POINT-BLANK... HE WAS FULL IN THE SIGHTS... YET HE KEEPS COMING TOWARDS ME!

SEÑORS, BEHOLD! EL MORTE'S RIFLE IS NOT GUIDED BY DEMONS ANYMORE!

**CRACK!**

**CRACK!**

**CRACK!**

PANIC-STRICKEN, EL MORTE KEEPS SQUEEZING TRIGGER AT THE RELENTLESSLY STALKING FIGURE!

THEN—

YOUR RIFLE MISSED, EL MORTE — BUT MY FIST FLIES TRUE TO ITS MARK!



ENHEARTENED NOW, STRIPPED OF THEIR FEAR, ROARING LIKE A THOUSAND LIONS, THE PEOPLE HURL THEMSELVES FORWARD AT EL MORTE'S COWED MINIONS!

WHY? WHY? SOB! DID MY RIFLE MISS?



THE NIGHT I CREPT INTO EL MORTE'S HACIENDA TO LEAVE THE CHALLENGE, I ALSO READJUSTED THE SIGHTS ON HIS RIFLE SO IT WOULD NOT SHOOT ACCURATELY! IT WAS TRICKERY... BUT FOR A GOOD CAUSE!



THE END







Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!

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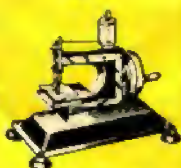
WHITE ZIPPER  
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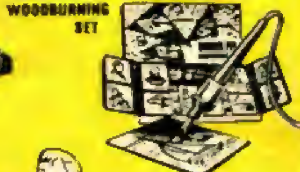
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GOODEY PLAYER



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